THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF DICK ANTHONY OF ARRAN :: TALBOT MUNDY

on to it made heavy weather. Half of

on to it made heavy weather. Half of the time the Themistokles whirled her one propeller in the air.

There were only three passengers who did not suffer on the ship's account. One of them—the Princess Karageorgovich—was too interested; Andry MacDougal was too hard bitten, and the third—Dick Anthony—would scarcely have suffered just at that time on a redhot grid.

As a fugitive from justice—a Scottish gentieman of decent birth and nice distinctions—life held no very luring bait for him, and death, with a spice of accident, looked, smelled and tasted good. It was Andry who drew a cord under the dark deck again.

Dick went below at midnight, Too indifferent to undress, he lay with his talked take. End of the starboard corridor.

Whithout warning, a shock came—a brown the sickening, yielding feel and sound of state plaies bending inward. Then the lights went out.

Andry woke and left his cabin like a whiriwind, but with his boots on, and telt his way back, cabin door by door, to thouse cident, looked, smelled and tasted good. The strain of the shock and list had jam—med the door tight. In a moment Andrew was and the strode on the dark deck again.

The strain of the held was at midnight. Too indifferent to undress, he lay with his clothes op, watching coakroaches hunt on the cabin floor and listening to Andry advertising sleep five cabins down the starboard corridor.

English went out.

Andry woke and left his cabin like a whiriwind, but with his boots on, and the time was a production of the shock and list had jam—med the door tight. In a moment Andrew was a sweet of the shock and list had jam—med the door tight. In a moment Andrew was a strain of the shock and list had jam—med the door tight. In a moment Andrew was a sweet of the starboard corridor.

English went out.

Andry woke and left his cabin like a whiriwind, but with his boots on, and the time was a sweet of the shock and list had jam—med the door tight in a moment Andrew was a sweet of the starboard corridor.

The starboard corridor.

The dark deck again

It was Andry who drew a cord un-wittingly and loosed the dogs of war. Andry dug his bagpipes from a box beheath the bunk and struggled forward. deck to where the Princess Olga nextled in a steamer chair. She writhed each

time the bagpipe music reached her. One can be Scots, and have pity on the weaker sex. With his tawny hair

the weaker sex. With his tawny hair blown into jungle by the wet, salt wind. Dick Anthony leaned forward and asked a question. Wind snatched the words, but not its meaning.

"Do the pipes get on your nerves?" he asked.

"One gets used to them."

He was a human man, and he looked her for an ungrudged minute in the eye giving her all the admiration she could claim—and that was a prodigious quantity; from such a man as Dick is was inestimable; it made her delirious. Then he turned on his heel and left her.

Even as he struggled forward, leaning into the wind with dirty scupper siush asslide between his feet and his asslide him his her hard salt with her raced after in the blackness, trying to catch up.

They had struck a pilgrim ship, bound alectaward.

Four of the little liner's boats were overside already, crowded full. Dick saw one boat go to pieces and another awamp in the thirty seconds while he watched.

Suddenly he turned and gripped Andry.

"The women!" he yelled. "They're below the high the turned and gripped Andry.

"The women!" he yelled. "They're below to high the turned and gripped Andry.

"The women!" he yelled a wry face, and stayed to hid them.

At once some one pressed the button of an electric torch, and it's all but exhausted rays shone golden on Dick's hair.

into the wind with dirty scupper slush hair. "I knew you would come for me,"

med the door tight. In a moment Andry's feet were against the nearest bulk-lead, and he grunted as his shoulders took the strain. The door creaked once and then went in frame and all, as if a typhoon struck it. The door and Dick collabsed in the cabin corner.

"Ar-r-re ye dressed" demanded Andry, a dry, a dry

dry... "Yes. Get off me! Man, you weigh a "Is the bag packed? Ave; I have it n' the claymore, here, I have them

into the wind with dirty scupper slush aslide between his feet and his arms outspread to grash things, he looked different from other men-more dignified and less self-conscious. She left her seat throbbed with human questioning and cluing to a rail to watch him, knowing well that he would have laughed at her had he known it.

"Give them here, Andryt" he ordered, and the giant gave up his pipes with an expression of obedient resentment.

"There's a lady aft who doesn't like pipe music. I'll put these in the bag with mine."

"I knew you would come for me," smilled the princess.

"We'll have to hurry up," said Dick. The light went out. The blackness throbbed with human questioning and deep-breathed decision. Dick had to feel for the princess, and at the first touch she sank into his arms.

"Ah, Richard-oh, mon rol!" she murmured. "I arm safe-I know I am safe."

So Dick gathered her up and ran for it, stumbling over rats, and Andry followed him, with the princess maid under one arm and a trunk in the other. He laid both on the deck beside Dick just as somebody on the bridge lit a bunch of oily waste. He rushed off at once, with mine." Dick packed away the bagpipes and then for the sword and bag, and brought them back triumphantly. Then the mate spied them, in the light of his welrd torch.

There's a small torch.

syoided the princess all afternoon. He avoided the princess all afternoon. He avoided the ragain at dinner time by going without food, depending on Andry, who did not believe in missing meals, to watch the points for him without further definite instructions.

Fate helped out the next move certainly. The princess ran into Dick at a moment when there was no room to step adde.

Thank you very much for stopping the music, she sald simply.

"Not at all, sald Dick uncomfortably, "Not at all, as all Dick uncomfortably, "The sall passe a terrific lurch. She clium to stopp and the ordinary civility of helping her to a whair.

"Thank you, Mr. Anthony," she said quietly.

"He had to stoop to listen, for the engines were arguing with a rising sea.

"Yee," he said simply, and she laughed straight up at him deliclously, delighted.

"Then, my enemy, this is the flag of truce!"

She produced a white handkerchief-priceless, lace-edged, ridiculously tiny, Dick pulled out his immense one, laughing, too, and his laugh, as usual, calmed his own temper as well as other people's.

Dick went in search of a camp stool. He set it in a cornor close to her, where he could watch her face.

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Anthony," you and your man between you killed hearty a dozen men if Alexandria. You are an outlaw. How will you escape?"

But Dick was there to listen, and he could do that better than most men.

He could see that her eyes were violett and languorous (when she chose to have them 50).

"It was my fault," she said then. "He two stout oars back muscles cracked and the dingey spun. The

FOULL OF THE CZAR

The was placed and the wide and was been religious and the state of the company of the compa Compright, 1915, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
A wester was blowing savage seas gainst the coast of Palestine, and the steamers trading up and down beam on to it made heavy weather. Half of the strode on the dark deck again.

So does my refusal, answered Dick, and he strode on the dark deck again.

strange instruments and play a Scottish tune for me. Dick too, was something of a sentimentalist, it was a good excuse, too, for getting away from her. He wandated these people or they'll give me no resting away from her. He wandated these people or they'll give me no resting away from her. He wandated these people or they'll give me no resting away from her. He wandated these people or they'll give me no resting away from her. He wandated these people or they'll give me no resting away from her. He wandated these people or they'll give me no resting away from her. He wandated these people or they'll give me no resting away from her. He wandated these people or they'll give me no resting away from the people was an away from her her wandated and the people or they'll give me no resting away from the people was an away from the people of they'll give me no resting away from the people was an away from the people was the people or they'll give me no resting away from the people was and an away from the people was the people or they'll give me no resting away from the people was and an away the people or they'll give me no these copy or they'll give me no these of the sand the people of the people was an away from the people was the people of they me no of the sand the people was and the people of they line was the people of they me no of the sand and the people of the wandated and the people was and the people of they line was the people of the wandated and the work because out the people was and the people of they line was the people of the wandated and the work because out the people was and the people of they'll give me no means was the pushing-off place into world was and the people of the was the people was and the people of the people was the people was and the people of the people was and the people of the was the people was an and speed to him. Sudden's work of the people was and the people

